A New

DECLARATION

OF THE

Confederate Princes

AND

STATES,

AGAINST

LEWIS the FOURTEENTH,
King of *France*, and *Navarr*.

Delivered in a Late Audience at *Verſailles*, *July* the 15th, 1689.

Tranſlated out of French.

———*Triſidâ fumantia flammâ*
Corpora dant tumulo, ſignantq; hoc Carmine Saxum
Hic Situs eſt Phaeton, *currus auriga Paterni*
Quem ſi non tenuit, magnis tamen exidit auſis —.
Ovid. Metam. Lib. 2.

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON: Printed for *Tim. Goodwin*, at the *Maiden-Head* over-againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1689.

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XUM

XUM

THE

Translator's Preface

TO THE

READER.

THE *following* Remonſtrance *comes not from a common mercenary Pen, or from any private Perſon inflam'd by the preſent Conduct of* France, *it abounds with too many Intrigues, and Secrets of the* Cabinet, *and is inrich'd with too Authentick* Memoirs, *to be the Work of any other Writer, then a great* Miniſter *of State imploy'd in the Confederate Service, and for the Publick Good of* Chriſtendom. *He lays open the vicious Methods of the* French *Councels, fatally corrupted with the* Machivellian Maxime, *Of* ſticking at nothing to gain a Point; *which having crawl'd on this ſide of the* Alps, *like a venemous ſort of* Vermine, *infeſts the* Courts *and* Cloſets *of Great Men; hence ſprings all the modern* Treachery *and* Barbarity, *which ſets the World on fire, and turns the beautiful Frame of things into a* Chaos. Ariſtotle's Morals, Tully's Offices, *and the* Bible, *the good Old Guides of our* Anceſtors, *ſerve now only to render a Man* Ridiculous, *a* Cully, *and a* Beggar. *A better Leſſon may be taught theſe new* Statesmen, *out of an* Italian *Maſter of as elevated a Genius, and of as ſubtile Thought, as their clear* Florentine *Wit* Nicolo Machivelli,

I mean Padre Paolo, *who gives the following Inſtructions to the wiſeſt Body of Men that ever compos'd a Government, ſince the Glorious Ages of* Athens *and* Rome *: His Words follow :*

In all Occurrences where the Publick Faith is engag'd, let it be inviolably kept, without minding any preſent advantage that might accrue by the breaking of it, for that is but momentaneous: Whereas the benefit of keeping Faith is Eternal ; and a Prince that breaks his Word, muſt invent a New Religion to make himſelf be believ'd another time, ſeeing the Oaths he made in the Religion he profeſſes, have not been able to bind him. *The Opinion of* Padre Paolo, *given to the Lords the Inquiſitors of State,* &c. *p.* 24.

This peſtilential Principle *of* Diſſimulation, *and uſing all manner of immoral means to compaſs the* End, *is the great* Arcanum *of the* Jeſuits, *and the chief* Spell *of all their* Inchantments, *whereby they take greater advantages over that part of Mankind which ſteers a Courſe of* Vertue, *then the* Rooks *and* Sharpers *here about the Town do over the fair* Gameſters, *with their falſe Dice, and Cards, and Flattery. 'Tis this pernicious Doctrine that ſo long wheedled and decoy'd the credulous and good-natur'd People of* England ; *but at laſt broke all the late* Juglers *at* White-Hall *: yet it ſtill moves on the Springs and Wheels at* Verſailles *with ſuch a rapidity and heat, that the World never ſaw ſuch a Combuſtion, ſince* Phaeton *put it all into Flames, and* Heaven *knows when we ſhall ſee it quench'd.*

NEW DECLARATION
OF THE
Confederate Princes and States,
AGAINST
Lewis the XIV.

ALL Laws Divine and Human, which have given Authority to Magiſtrates over the People, have always meant, that *Juſtice* was the foundation of Government, which muſt be diſtinguiſh'd from Tyranny; and whereas it cannot ſubſiſt or operate without *Truth*, therefore it is neceſſary that ſhe ſhould make one of the Embaſſy, and go freely to the Thrones of the greateſt Monarchs, ſwell'd either with Ambition, painted with Flattery, or blinded with Intereſt. *Juſtice* demands *Truth* to be always admitted to plead her Cauſe againſt Calumny, Envy, Treachery, and the reſt of the Vices, which are always making War upon her in the Courts of Princes, eſpecially in That of Your Majeſty, under the Protection of a violent unmerciful *Miniſter*, as much an Enemy to Innocence, as a Friend to Oppreſſion. 'Tis therefore by the Order of this *Juſtice*, without which Kingdoms are but Wilderneſſes and Shambles, that *Truth* preſents her ſelf to the Audience of Your Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, to demand, in the Name of *Chriſtendom*,

dom, the reaſons of your Perjuries, Violations of ſolemn Treaties, without the leaſt pretence; of your many Maſſacres committed by ſurprize, your profaning the moſt Sacred Things; and, after Capitulations, pillaging, burning of Cities, Churches, Monaſteries, Colleges, Palaces, and laying waſte whole Countreys; your Soldiers raviſhing up and down, without diſtinction of Age or Quality. *Europe* (*Sir*) asks you the reaſon why ſo many Orphans are made, and ſo many Infants cruſh'd under the Ruins, or devour'd by the Flames? *She* demands the reaſons of many more of your execrable Barbarities, which cannot be expreſs'd, the very thoughts whereof would fill with horrour the moſt Savage Nations, and the ſworn Enemies of God Almighty; the Rivers of Tears, the Sighs and Groans of Millions of Chriſtians, cry to Heaven for Vengeance, which the Juſt God reſerves for you.

Your Birth (*Sir*) after which your People groan'd many years, has acquir'd you the Name of *The Son of God*: Your regulations of the Finances, your ſeizing all the Properties of your Subjects, has given you the Title of *Juſt*. The Uſurpations and Extenſions of your Limits, between the *Rhine*, the *Moſelle*, and the *Maes*, in time of Peace, by all ſorts of pretences of *Dependances*, *Annexions*, *Re-unions*, decreed in your own *Chambers*, have given occaſion to weak Pens to ſtyle you *Invincible*, without ever drawing your Sword. Flattery has erected you a Statue at *Paris*, in the place call'd *Victoires*, and by the Inſcription (which never any Chriſtian Monarch was yet ſo vain to aſſume,) proclaims you *Hemo Immortalis*. The ſame Court-*Paraſite* has adorn'd it with Lamps and Incenſe, appropriated to the *Divinity*, zealous of his Honour, and who will not ſuffer any Rival: Hiſtory affords many Examples of this; *Joſephus* in his 17th Book of *Antiq.*

tiq. Acts of the *Apoſtles Chap.* 12. *Herod arrayʼd in royal apparel, ſate upon his Throne, and made an Oration unto them; the people gave a ſhout, ſaying, It is the voice of a God, and not of a Man; and immediately the Angel of the Lord ſmote Herod, becauſe he gave not God the Glory, and he was eaten of Worms, and gave up the Ghoſt*; turning about to his Flatterers, and ſaying, *non quem Deum immortalem ſalutaſtis, jam mortalis vitam relinquere jubeor, & fatali neceſſitate veſtrum arguere mendacium.*

Alas! Your Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty carries too many Proofs about you, that your Body is not immortal; flaming *Comets* begin firſt to burn and waſte away at the *Tail*; all your Luſtre and Blaze ſerves only to diſcover and lay open the bloody Scenes of your Life. *Chriſtendom* was once in hopes, that Your Majeſty would have ſtudied and imitated the commendable Actions of ſome of your moſt Glorious Anceſtors, eſpecially thoſe of St. *Louis*, who hating nothing more than the coveting his Neighbour's Goods, contented himſelf with that Kingdom which God Almighty and his People had entruſted him with: He employ'd much of his time in pacifying and healing the difference of his Neighbours, without raiſing new ones at the ſame time, or taking any advantage at their Quarrels: He ſacrific'd his Royal Perſon, to chaſtiſe the Infidels, and to defend *Chriſtendom*; whereas Your Majeſty has conducted the *Turks* to the very Walls of *Vienna*, and laid ready at the ſame time upon the Frontiers, to fall in for the prey of the whole Empire.

One of Your Majeſty's Predeceſſors, King *Clovis*, who had done ſuch great Actions, that they paſs'd for Miracles, at laſt blaſted all his Glory, by breaking his Faith and Alliance with *Alarick* King of the *Vice-Goths*: He complain'd of the Limits, and of the diverſity of Religion (a Pretext which Your Majeſty's Miniſters often make uſe of to move

the Springs and Wheels of their wicked Machines); yet the French Hiſtorians brand him with the Epithets of *Ambitious*, *Envious*, *Cholerick*, *Revengeful*, and *Bloody*. *Clotaire*, another of your Predeceſſors, had no other God (ſays the Hiſtorian *Etienne Paſquier*) but his own Will and Paſſion. *Dagobert*, who is famous in the Chronicles of *France* for founding Churches and Monaſteries, ſully'd all his Merit by robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul*: He took away the fine Gates of the Church of St. *Hilary* at *Poitiers*, and plac'd them before that which he was building at St. *Denis*. Your Majeſty has done the ſame, in forcing away in time of Peace the Knights of the *Teutonick* Order, and thoſe of *Malta*, from their Eſtates and Commands in the Empire, and in driving away from your Court in a moſt ignominious manner the *Envoys* of the *Grand Maſters*, contrary to the Faith and Honour of publick Treaties made with them, who came only to demand their Right of *Lewis* the *Juſt*: Your Majeſty has depriv'd them of their Revenues, whilſt the brave Knights are fighting in *Hungary* and the *Morea* for the Honour of *Chriſtendom*; and you pretend to employ their Patrimony for the raiſing and increaſing the Foundations of your devoted Knights of St. *Lazarus*. *Lothaire* is repreſented by the *French* Hiſtorians as the moſt corrupt and worſt Prince that ever reigned, becauſe he had ravaged the Church, ranſack'd the Eccleſiaſticks, broke his Oaths, as often as he ſaw an Advantage.

I have too much Reſpect for Your Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, to apply the Hiſtories of Kings dead ſo many Ages ago, to the preſent Calamities of your Reign, tho' it is the Character and Eſſence of *Truth* to conceal nothing. I could (*Sir*) preſent you with a long Series of other Kings, infamous for the very Vertues of your time; but I had rather be ſilent, than weary your attention, which I deſire

I desire Your Majesty to apply seriously to what I shall now say with my wonted simplicity and nakedness, without the least *Hyperbole*.

Flattery hath often compar'd Your Majesty, for these last twenty years, to the *Sun*, as to the Star of Stars, from whom all other Kings borrow their Lustre, and depend as upon the King of kings. The Duke de *Feuillade* hath erected your Effigies (I suppose by Your Majesty's own secret Order), encompassed with Rays ; but he forgot to tell you, That the Father of Light often suffers Eclipses, and is cover'd with Spots, as Your Majesty's Splendor is at present, though your own Mercenary Writers proclaim to all the World, That the most Glorious Actions of Princes past and to come are no more to be compar'd to the least of Yours, than the Planets, the Comets, and Meteors, are to the Sun ; which piece of Vanity verifies the old Character given of the *French*, *That they act rather by a principle of Transport and Impetuosity, than of Reason and Justice.*

One Virtuous Action would immortalize Your Majesty better than a thousand Inscriptions, Panegyricks, Medals, Triumphal Arches, Colossus's, *&c.* Whereas the Universal Afflictions which *Christendom* suffers by Your Majesty's Orders, are so far from rendring you *Homo immortalis*, that they begin to revive the ancient Custom and Opinion of the *Gauls* in your *French* Subjects, who were of such a Sanguinary Complexion, as to believe, That they could never better appease their Gods, or make them propitious, than by shedding human Blood, and sacrificing Men, Women, and Children ; which the Heathens (their Enemies) stood amaz'd at.

Europe

Europe demands of Your Majesty the reason, Why you commanded the Cardinal *d'Estrees* to read so many stinging and mortifying Letters to the late Pope; and the Marquess *de Lavardin* to affront His Holiness (your old Good Father) in his Capital City, where he has as Sovereign a Power, as Your Majesty in *Paris*: He aim'd at nothing but to recall *Justice* and *Virtue* into *Rome*, to banish Sacrilegious Villains, Adulterers; to prevent Assassinations, and the Escapes of Robbers, Pickpockets, Banditi, Banquerupts, Cheats, *&c.* He design'd nothing but to take away all occasions of Conspiracies and Riots, all sorts of Debauchery, which cover'd themselves under the Cloak of a pretended scandalous *Franchise*, and Protection of a *French Ambassador*, in contempt of God Almighty and all Equity. This retreat of Malefactors into the *Ambassador*'s Quarters (which reach'd where-ever the *Ambassador* pleas'd to extend them) look'd like the Apparition in the Scripture, in which Dragons, Serpents, Vipers, and every thing that Nature had made wild and venomous, were assembled; a Voice from Heaven commanded St. *Peter* to rise, kill, and devour these Monsters, *Acts chap.* 10. The *French* Quarters at *Rome* were observ'd by all Travellers to be rather a *Babylon* than a *Sanctuary*.

Grotius relates in one of his Epistles, That your Majesty was born with Teeth, as a second *Curius Dentatus*, being a prognostick of many unfortunate Accidents: These *Teeth* bite, and poison every part of *Christendom*, snatching, and catching up and down; especially the City and County of *Avignon*, the ancient possession of the *Popes*, where your Majesty's Dragoons plunder'd and imprison'd all that would not renounce the *Pope*'s Supremacy there, even the Churches and Religious Houses themselves. Your Ministers tell your Majesty, That it is not consistent with good Breeding, or Your Majesty's Glory, to have any

of

of your Commands disputed by the *Pope*, or any other Sovereign Princes. Consider, *Sir*, from whom you have ravished the City and County of *Avignon*, 'tis from the *Church*, (your *Mother*) not from the *Pope*; therefore the Quarrel with him cannot justify your Conduct in this Robbery. The *Heresie* of the City and Principality of *Orange* was your Pretext to invade and usurp them; that Argument ceases in the Case of *Avignon*; Where is the glory in stealing of Countries unarm'd, unfortifi'd, defended by Priests, and poor naked Peasants? Your Majesty never heard of the Story of King *Ahab*, and *Naboth*'s Vineyard.

Remember, *Sir*, that the crying of a *Goose* in the *Capitol*, awaken'd and stirr'd up Old *Rome* to drive away the *Gaules*, the Ancestors of your People; and can your Majesty be perswaded, that the *Bulls* and Thunders of the *Vatican*, consecrated to the True God, will make a less noise in the World, and will not raise many of your own Subjects against you, as well as the rest of her Communion, who are already in arms with the Protestant Princes, to chastise your Insolencies, and to let you know that you are *mortalis Homo cum fistulâ in Ano*.

Your Majesty can never expiate for the Injuries done to *Odescalchi*, and the virulent Calumnies published against his Person by *Monsieur Talon*. *Milan* saw the great *Theodosius* at the feet of St. *Ambrose*, her Arch-bishop, pouring out Tears, and repenting for his having sack'd *Thessalonica*. We have not forgot your Bombing, and burning of *Oudenard*, and of *Luxemburg*, the very Evening of the Nativity of our *Saviour*, when the Christian World was rejoycing for the birth of the *Prince* of Peace and Mercy. The Churches, Palaces, and Religious Houses of *Genoa* retain the Scars of your Cruelty. *Totila* was humbled for his Burnings, Ravagings, and Devastations, which were nothing

thing in compariſon of yours; that Barbarous *Gothick King*, although much inrag'd by the Emperor *Juſtinian*, and by the loſs of his Troops in *Lucania*, yet chang'd his Reſolution of burning *Rome*, of which he was Maſter, upon the requeſt of *Belizarius*, *Juſtinian*'s General. *Baronius ad Ann.* 547. But your Majeſty's Miniſters and Generals are deaf to the Complaints of the poor oppreſſed People, and the Cries of the Innocent, which prove only like fire caſt at the *Lyons* to make them more furious; they excuſe themſelves with the *Roy le veut*, and ſtop their ears againſt the innumerable Complaints ſent from all parts ſince the *Weſtphalian* and *Pyrenean Treaties*, of intolerable violations of Oaths made at the *Altar*, upon the *Croſs*, upon the *Goſpel*, the *Maſs*, upon the *Word of a King*, and upon his *Royal Salvation*. The Excuſes of your *Boutefeus* and *Incendiaries*, in ſaying that it is your Majeſty's pleaſure that the World ſhould be ſet on fire, make your Majeſty a *Phaeton*, or a *Nero*, and a declar'd Enemy both to God and Man. If your Majeſty is of any Religion, it muſt be the *Mahometan*, for you blow up all ſorts of Chriſtian Churches, no diſtinction being made of the Proteſtant, and Catholick ones; If there were any *Moſques* in your way, they would be ſacred and untouch'd.

Read, Sir, the Hiſtory of Count *William*, and his Actions in *Guienne*; you are an exact Copy of his Countenance; only you excel him in Bombs, Stink-pots, Carcaſſes, and other ſorts of Infernal Fires; he was, as you are, a *French-man*, and more than that, a *Gaſcon*.

Truth asks your Chriſtian Majeſty, why you flew ſo furiouſly upon the *Emperor*, engag'd at ſuch a diſtance in a glorious War againſt the *Turk*? in what did he offend you? did he ever pretend to your Crown? did he ever ſeiſe your Towns in time of Peace? did he ever raiſe a Rebellion in your Country, as you have done in *Hungary*?

did

did he ever bring the *Turks* into *France*? did he ever lie ready with a great Army to ſwallow up your Kingdom, when engag'd in other Wars, as your Majeſty did near *Dijon*, and upon the *Saone*, in the Year 1683. when the Grand *Viſier* was near devouring the *Eaſt* part of the Empire with Two Hundred Thouſand *Turks*, the *Weſtern* Morſel being cut out for your Majeſty's ſhare? We all know, that one of your Intendants gave a bloody Reprimand to the Biſhop of St. *Omers*, for having ordered Publick Prayers and a Faſt when the Infidels were entring *Chriſtendom*; and the *French* Troops committing greater Barbarities in the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, than the *Turks* in *Hungary* and *Auſtria*. Your Majeſty would never permit the Churches of *France* to pray for the Deliverance of *Vienna*, though Monſieur *Seppeville* gave Your Majeſty a daily account of the progreſs of the *Turks* at that time; 'Twas *M. Fouchay* who perſuaded your Majeſty to make a diverſion, at that juncture, rather in the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, than in the Empire, leſt your Negotiation with the *Divan* at *Conſtantinople* ſhould be too notorious, which is amply diſplay'd ſince in the *Declaration* of the Empire, ſign'd at *Ratisbon* the 4*th* of *March* 1689. No body is ignorant of your Intrigues and Briberies in the Court and Diet of *Poland*, in order to throw all into confuſion, and to put the *Poles* out of all condition to carry on any ſucceſsful War againſt the *Turk*; the *Marquis de Bethune* is known to be the Spy and Agent of that *Roguery*.

The Auguſt *Emperor*, and the *Princes* of *Germany*, acquire their Glory at the point of their Swords, and by the Exploits of a brave and generous War, conducted by the Hand of *God*, as that of *Gideon*; whereas all Your Majeſty's Glory is founded upon Robbery, Surprize, Bribery, Treachery, breach of Faith, *&c.* in which the

Dauphin has been inſtructed, and bred up, of which he gave many proofs in his firſt enterprize, the laſt year, upon the *Palatinate*.

I could eaſily convince Your Majeſty, that Your Negotiation with the *Ottoman Port*, to deſtroy the Empire, might have been fatal to Your ſelf. For amongſt the Priſoners taken at the Battel of *Barkan*, after the raiſing the Siege of *Vienna*, the *Baſſa* of *Siliſtria* was one, who confeſs'd to the great *General* of *Poland*, That the Grand *Viſier* was reſolv'd, upon the taking of *Vienna*, to fly immediately into the Bowels of the Empire, and to march in perſon to *Ratisbon*; for which Expedition he had made proviſion of Money, Ammunition, and all other Neceſſaries for Eighteen Months. Now what could Your Majeſty have done upon ſuch a vaſt Inundation of *Barbarians*, ſpreading towards the Borders of *France*; it would have been too late to have dealt with the *Turks*, as Your Majeſty's Father did with the *Swedes*; who growing very formidable in the Empire by *French Intrigues*, and advancing too near the *Rhine*, gave *Lewis* the XIIIth great jealouſie and fear of their Progreſs and Succeſs; whereupon, to prevent the ill conſequences, Your *Father* ſuſpended the payment of the Subſidies, and other Aſſiſtances, which he had all along afforded them under-hand, and neglected no manner of means to diſperſe the remains of the *Swediſh* Forces, that ſurviv'd the loſs of their immortal *Hero*, the Great *Guſtavus Adolphus*, and were headed by the *Duke of Saxe Weimar*.

This is not the firſt time, that the mad *Caprices* of the *French* have arm'd many Nations againſt them. The Emperor *Valentinian* writ to *Theodorick*, That there was an indiſpenſable neceſſity to unite themſelves againſt the *French*, who were ſo tranſported with the vain notion of Glory, that they began to affect in that Age a Univerſal Empire, as tho every

every thing belong'd to them: That they never began any War, for which they could aſſign any cauſe, or the leaſt reaſon; for they call'd every thing juſt, which was agreeable to their Exorbitant Luſts and Paſſions; *Vide Anton. Bonfin. Rerum. Hungar. Dec.* 8. *Lib.* 3.

Can Your Majeſty be ſo blind, or vain, as to imagine that the Confederate Princes and States will bear any longer with the *Chimera's* and *Phrenſies* of the Brains of Your *Miniſters*, publiſhed in ſo many Scandalous *Manifeſto's*, which ought to be purg'd with large Doſes of *Hellebore*. How can Your Majeſty treat the *Emperor* as a Calumniator, becauſe he will not ſuffer himſelf to be amus'd any longer with the publick Profeſſions of Your Sincerity to preſerve the Peace and Repoſe of Chriſtendom? We cannot but ridicule Your Majeſty for proſtituting Your Glory to the *Algerines*, and humbling Your ſelf at the Feet of ſuch a Mobile, in offering them Your Ports to facilitate their Depredations upon the *Chriſtians*; by which You have rendred them ſo ſtiff, that they demand full Reparations for the Damages done by Your Bombs, and the reſtitution of all Slaves.

How can You, Sir, tax the *Emperor* with diſturbing the publick Peace, after He had born ſo long with Your Inſults, and Uſurpations? You make every thing a breach of the Peace, which contradicts Your Will and Pleaſure. How can Your Majeſty be perſuaded that the *Emperor* hath violated the Laws and Statutes of the Church, in oppoſing *Cardinal Furſtenburg*, the common Incendiary of the Empire, and the Church, incapacitated by the *Pope*, and put by, by the common practice of the *Chapter* of *Cologn*, after he had fill'd the Biſhoprick with *French* Troops, ſown Diviſions, and kindled a Bloody War in *Europe*. Under the Covert of this *Cardinal*, and *Elector*, Your Majeſty took occaſion to vex and torment all *Chriſtendom*, Your

Soldiers ſeizing *Rhinberg*, *Nuys*, *Keiſerwert*, *Zons*, *Bon*, *&c.* burning *Anderpatch*, *Lintz*, and *Brûle*, the *Aſylum* of Cardinal *Mazarine*, when driven out of *France*, where he had the leiſure and opportunity to gather many Troops to return withal, and to gain the Battel of *Rettell*, whereby he fixt the tottering Crown upon Your Majeſty's Head; Your Intendants and Officers have ſuck'd the Blood and Marrow of the whole *Electorat*, under the diſguiſe of protecting it againſt its lawful Maſter; the miſerable Inhabitants dying with hunger, and oppreſſion, whilſt your *Dragoons* grew fat with the Spoils.

The Sons and Brothers of the preſent *Prince Palatine* having appear'd at *Cologn* in favour of the Election of the young Prince of *Bavaria* againſt Cardinal *Fuſtenberg*, an Enemy of the Empire, ſeizing upon the whole *Electorate* with ſwarms of *French* Troops before he had ever one Vote given him by the Chapter; or indeed, before the breath was out of the late *Elector's* Mouth, gave umbrage to Your Majeſty to burn and deſtroy all the Countries and Eſtates belonging to the good old *Elector Palatine*, their Father, as his Dutchy of *Juliers*, the County of *Bergue*, the ancient Palace and Caſtle of *Heydelberg*; all his Cities in the *Palatinate*, as *Manheim*, *Nieuſtad*, *Frankendale*, &c. carrying away all the Goods and Chattels of the Countrey, whereby all manner of ſubſiſtence might be taken away from the miſerable Inhabitants, whoſe Ghoſts cry out for Vengeance.

The *Elector* of *Treves* hath been treated by Your Majeſty more like a Rebel, than a Sovereign Prince, becauſe he thought it his duty to be faithful to the Intereſt of the Empire, and the Church, of which he is an Illuſtrious Member: Your Majeſty firſt ſeiz'd, then diſmantled, now plunder'd and burnt the Capital City of *Treves*, and turn'd his whole *Electorate* into a Wilderneſs of Ruines, and Aſhes. The *Marquis de Bouflers* has been the Executioner of all Your Cruelties

Cruelties in that Countrey, having laſt Winter turn'd the beautiful City of *Coblentz* into a Furnace, with his Bombs and Carcaſſes, there now remaining little of the Place, only heaps of Stones, and Cinders; 'twas wonderful to ſee with what patience and conſtancy the *Elector of Treves* view'd from his Caſtle of *Hermanſtein* his City of *Coblentz* burning and tumbling under his eyes, and afterwards his whole Country in flames, not ſo much as one Church ſtanding for the worſhip of *God Almighty*, tho there were reckon'd above 800 Religious Houſes in the *Electorate*, ſix Cities, forty great Towns, 400 Villages, and ſixty great Caſtles.

The *Elector of Mentz* being weary of Your Majeſty's Yoke, began to eſpouſe the Cauſe of the Empire and the Church, having ſuffer'd long under the Chains You had put upon him: *Monſieur Fouchay*, and Your Officers affronted him daily with intolerable Indignities, contrary to the Capitulation, and Your Majeſty's Royal Word, which at laſt prov'd of fatal conſequence to his Subjects and Countrv; his Palace was ſoon ranſack't, the Monaſteries and Citizens Houſes plunder'd, and all utterly ruin'd, tho under the ſtipulated and ſolemn protection of Your Majeſty, who aſſumes the Titles of *Lewis* the *Juſt*, the *Pious*, the *Great*.

What has the Circle of *Suabia* done to Your Majeſty, to be ſo barbarouſly dealt with, contrary to all the Rules of Chriſtianity, and the common Maxims of War? She commits no Hoſtilities againſt Your Majeſty, ſends no Forces to join the Confederates upon the *Rhine*; all her Troops are employ'd in *Hungary* againſt the Infidels, which may be one cauſe of the Deſolations committed by Your Soldiers from *Strasburg*, *Briſac*, and *Hunningen*; for the *Mahometan* and the *French* Cauſe are the ſame. What Affronts has the young Innocent *Duke of Wirtemberg*, not yet 12 years of Age, put upon *Lewis le Grand?* who has ſeiz'd his Place of Reſidence, driving the little *Duke* away to ſeek his Fortune; ravaging, deſtroying, and burning all his Dutchy of *Wirtemberg*, after that

that *Monſieur Invigny* had been receiv'd with a particular reſpect at his Court, as well as *Monſieur Bourgeauville* before him, two *French* Envoys, who had enchanted that Court with great promiſes of ſafety and protection.

In what Sir, has the Ancient City of *Spires* offended you, that *Juſtice* is dethron'd from her Imperial Seat, and all the *Records* of the Empire deſtroy'd, as tho Your Majeſty intended to obliterate the very name of the *Germans*, as the *Goths* did that of the *Romans*? What ſins has the Imperial City of *Worms* committed againſt Your *Divinity*? to be firſt plunder'd, and then burnt for company with her Neighbour *Spires*; all the poor Inhabitants, as well religious as ſecular, being commanded, upon pain of death, to retire into no other Country, but what was under the *French* domination. What a miſerable Spectacle was it to behold the ſtarving Gentry and Commonalty forced to march through ruin'd Countries, where they left their dead Children and Relations in the Woods and Ditches; and to render this Action more memorable and renowned in future Annals, Your Majeſty choſe the day of *Pentecoſt*, the Feſtival of the *Holy Ghoſt* (of which *Order* Your Majeſty is the *Head*) to make this great Sacrifice to Your Glory? the fiery Tongues having appear'd to the *Apoſtles* upon this day, was an argument to Your Majeſty to ſtorm Heaven with the Cries and Flames of *Imperial* Cities, a new ſort of *Gigantomachia*. *Solyman*, the great Perſecutor of the Chriſtians in the *Eaſt*, became Maſter of *Conſtantinople* upon the day of the Feaſt of *Pentecoſt*; *Louis* the XIVth, the great Perſecutor of the *Weſt*, did famous Actions the ſame day, and ſeems reſolv'd to make every day of the year a Faſt in memory of his Tragical Exploits.

We hear Your Majeſty has commanded the *Academy* of Painters at *Paris* to draw the Hiſtory of this War; they muſt not forget to repreſent your Engineers melting the Bells, Clocks, Church-Leads, *&c.* to turn them into Inſtruments of War; their blowing up of Vaults and Arches;

Arches; their knocking and pulling down all that ſurviv'd the Flames, leſt there ſhould be the leaſt Retreat for the languiſhing Inhabitants: They have not ſpar'd the Bones and Aſhes of the Dead, the ſtately Sepulchres and Monuments of the Emperours and Empreſſes at *Spires* and *Worms*, being all buried in the Ruins, as thoſe of *Conrade* II. *Henry* II. *Henry* IV. *Henry* V. and their Empreſſes. *Attila* and his *Goths* left many Towers ſtanding, which are now pull'd down by Your Majeſty's ſtrong and mighty Arm; *quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecit Ludovicus Magnus, Juſtus, Pius.*

The Injuries and Affronts put upon the Biſhop of *Worms*, near Ninety years of Age, and a Prince of the Empire, are almoſt incredible, if they had not been perpetrated by *French*-men, who hurried the old Venerable Paſtor up and down in a Chair, laid him in a ruin'd Caſtle, and menac'd him with blows, unleſs he would diſcover all the Plate and Riches of the Church.

All your Declarations of War accuſe the King of *Spain* and the *Elector Palatine* of ſecret Machinations againſt your Majeſty, as ſtirring up of Wars againſt you, and exciting all the Princes and States of *Chriſtendom* to riſe up in Arms againſt *France*; whereas your Majeſty deſign'd nothing by beginning this barbarous War, but to maintain the Peace and Happineſs of *Chriſtendom*, for which your Majeſty's deſire is moſt ſincere. Now how notoriouſly falſe theſe Accuſations are againſt the King of *Spain* and the Elector Palatine, every body may eaſily judge, who knows the Court of *Spain*, and the temper of the *Spaniards*, as well as the condition and ſtate of the *Prince Palatine*, who has few or no *Envoys* running from Court to Court, no *Spies*, no *maſqueraded Incendiaries*. Your Majeſty ſent to the Imperial Court Mr. *Seppeville* a little before the Truce, and after him *Chiverny*, who preſently after was diſpatch'd to the Northern Courts; *Luſignan* ſucceeded him, and like a common Herauld publiſhed

liſhed your Declaration of War under the very noſe of the Emperour, for which he was ſent away by the Imperial Order. The ſcandalous Intrigues of theſe three Miniſters to embroil *Hungary*, and encourage the *Turk*, are too commonly known, to be here repeated After the concluſion of the Peace of *Nimeguen*, your Majeſty ſent *Verius* to *Ratisbon*, as an Inſtrument and Machine of *Diſcord*, to hinder all correſpondence at the *Diet*; which he did for ſome time, till Honour and Self-preſervation ſtarted and confirm'd the *League* of *Ausburgh*. Your Majeſty entertain'd *Villars* at the Court of *Bavaria*, a very impertinent and imperious Fellow. At the Court of *Brandenburgh* you had M. *Kebenac*, an impudent Negotiator. At the Court of *Mentz*, M. *Fouchay*, a very inſulting domineering *Monſieur*, who never ſpoke to the Elector without ſigns of deſpiſing his Perſon and his Sovereignty. Your Majeſty had M. *Tambonneau*, and ſince *Gravell*, at the Court of the Elector of *Colign*, who laid the train of all thoſe Miſeries which now we behold in that fruitful Country: They deluded the late Elector, ſurrounded him with *French* Creatures, fill'd his Gariſons with *French* Forces: how often did they threaten the Elector of *Treves* with Fire and Sword, unleſs he would declare for *France*; telling him, That they had his whole State between their Hammer and their Anvil, which prov'd true in the effect: But what immortal Honour has the Elector of *Treves* merited in ſacrificing his *All*, rather than betray the Empire and his Church! At the Court of *Lunenbourg* your Miniſter M *d'Arſy* was notorious, and *Montargis* at *Copenhagen*. Your Majeſty ſtill keeps *Bidal* at *Hamburg*, who is ſo impudent, that no affronts can get him out of the City. All theſe, and many more, run up and down *Europe*, ſowing miſchief, and putting all into flames. Your Majeſty diſguiſes your *Miſſionaires* and *Creatures* under *Perriwig-makers*, *Dancing*, *Fencing Maſters*, *Confectioners*, *Cooks*, *Valets de Chamber*, *disbanded Soldiers*, *Maſters of Languages*, *Muſicians*, *Toy-men*, &c.

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Theſe Men creep and inſinuate into Courts, and the Houſes of Great Men, into all Publick Companies, where they ferret up and down, and afterwards give Intelligence to your Superiour Miniſters. Theſe *Maſqueraders* ſuffer any Affronts to be put upon them, and all the Contempts in the World, by which means they cover and conceal their true Characters, and act without being ſuſpected. *Lewis* the XI. employ'd *M. Oliver* (a Barber by Profeſſion) in ſeveral Embaſſies, in which he paſt for a *Ridicule*; and thereby took many advantages, as *Gondamore* did in *England*. All the *French* Miniſters, Spies, and Penſioners, make it their only ſtudy and buſineſs to Preach up the Grandeur, the Glory, and the Wiſdom of *France*; the Juſtice of your Majeſty's Cauſe; your Zeal for the Peace and Repoſe of *Chriſtendom*, and ſuch-like *Rhodomantades*; which impoſe upon ſome credulous, and foppiſh frenchify'd Fellows, ſome Women and Enthuſiaſts. They often urge the great Change and Revolution that would happen upon the King of *Spain*'s Death; and tell us how then the greateſt part of *Europe* would devolve by Right upon *Louis le Grand*. The Declaration of *France* againſt the *Emperor*, proclaims the *Electrice* of *Bavaria* barren, tho' ſhe was breeding at that very moment. And what Intrigues hath been on foot to prevent the Marriage of the incomparable Princeſs *Mary Ann Palatine*, with *Charles* the Second of *Spain*, who tho' of a weak Conſtitution, yet being now providentially deliver'd from the poyſonous Embraces of his late Queen *Louïſe* of *Bourbon*, and cheriſht up by a fruitful wholſome *German Princeſs*, may in all probability ſee *Heirs* of his own Body to inherit his Kingdoms; of which the Court of *France* ſeems to be ſo Jealous, that a Squadron of Men of War is commanded to watch the Queen of *Spain*'s motions, and if poſſible, to deſtroy her, whilſt the *French* Troops are ruining her *Father* at Land.

'Tis notorious to all the World, how your Majeſty has

perſecuted the King of *Spain* from his very Cradle, contrary to the greateſt Ties and Obligations that *God Almighty* could lay upon you; all the Modern Hiſtories are full of your *Treacheries*, and *Uſurpations* upon his Dominions, therefore Truth will not here repeat them; only ſhe thinks it proper to advertize your Majeſty of late ones, which perhaps are already crowded out of your Memory, by daily ſwarms of freſh Ideas of that kind. Ever ſince the laſt Truce, your Majeſty hath Treated the faithful *Spaniſh* Subjects as common Enemies, Arreſting their Perſons, and Confiſcating their Eſtates; becauſe the *Soverain Council* of *Brabant* durſt be ſo honeſt, as to pronounce a favourable Sentence for the *Prince of Orange*, (now by the ſpecial Providence of Heaven, *King* of *Great Britain*) againſt the *Count de Solre*, betwixt whom there had been a great and long Suit depending, for ſeveral *Seigneuries* and Lands.

Your Majeſty knows how juſtly *Spain* has complain'd by her Ambaſſadour at your Court, that your Governour of the *French Netherlands* has ſometimes quitted, then preſently ſeiz'd again the beſt part of the *Châtelenie*, or Juriſdiction of *Courtray*, and proceeded to poſt up the *French* Arms, even before the Counterſcarp of the Cittadel of *Namur*. Your Majeſty is not ignorant, that your Men of War have cruis'd in the Bay of *Cadiz*, and extorted by force great Cuſtoms and Impoſitions from all *Spaniſh*, as well as other Ships; nor how treacherouſly your Fleet ſurpris'd Admiral *Papachini*, in time of Peace, who refus'd to ſtrike his Flag, knowing no other Soveraign of the *Spaniſh* Seas, but the King of *Spain* his Maſter. How often have the Miniſters and Envoys of *Spain* remonſtrated againſt theſe Proceedings, and made uſe of the Mediations of the Kings of *England*, *Charles* the Second, and *James* the Second, the *Emperor*, and the *States* of the Seven United *Provinces*, who were all *Guarantees* of the Peace and Truce; but your Majeſty was reſolv'd to declare a *King* your publick

publick Enemy, for no other reaſon, but that he had born too long with the Inſults, and Affronts of your Majeſty's Miniſters, Fleets, and Armies.

After your taking of *Luxemburgh*, in the middle of a full Peace, your Majeſty's Miniſters declar'd up and down, That then the Foundation of a laſting Peace was laid, that City which had been the Source of many Quarrels, being now in their Maſter's poſſeſſion. But the *Germans*, eſpecially the *Princes* of the *Rhine*, ſaw their fatal Error too late; their Countries being thereby laid open and expos'd to the fury of the *French*, in whoſe way the Bulwark of *Luxemburgh* had always laid as a *Rampart* of thoſe *States* and *Territories*, which are now a lamentable heap of Ruines: But if we ſhould enter far into the ſecret Conduct of this Affair, we ſhall find the principal Author of it in *England*, laid aſleep in the poyſonous Boſome of a *French Dalila*, which contributed as much to the loſs of *Luxemburgh*, as *Helena* did to that of *Troy*; this Fortreſs lies now like the *Trojan* Horſe, ſending forth every day armed Men to burn and deſtroy all about the Frontiers of the Empire. 'Tis well known, that the *Prince of Orange* (who is now in a Condition to raiſe the Glory of the *Engliſh Nation*, and to caſt the Ballance of *Chriſtendom*) and the *States*, would have reliev'd *Luxemburgh* at that Juncture, if the *Guarrantee* of *England* would have done his Duty, and declar'd in conjunction with them (as he was oblig'd) againſt *France*.

How can you, Sir, object to the King of *Spain*, that he did abandon and betray King *James* the Second of *England*, when as his Ambaſſador *Don Pedro Ronquillo*, gave him always ſincere and cordial Advice, to adhere to the true Intereſt of *Chriſtendom*, and to forſake all *French* Councels and Meaſures, with which *Monſieur Barillon*, and his *Italian Spouſe* were always amuſing and deluding him, plying him daily with the Sollicitations of *Jeſuited Prieſts and Confeſſors*. The

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ſame Advice was often given him by the *Emperour*, whoſe Letters are upon Record; but *James* was deaf, and would not hearken to the wholeſome Inſtructions ſo often inſtill'd into his Ears; the conſequence whereof now proves, that your Majeſty by your New *French Politicks*, has been the principal Inſtrument of the Advancement of the late *Prince of Orange*, and of ſetting him upon a Throne, which is like to be the Scourge of *France*, and the Deliverer of *Chriſtendom* from its preſent Bondage.

If the Great *Scipio Africanus* was ſtil'd the *Deſtroyer* of *Carthage* and *Numantia*, (which had always been the inverate Enemies of *Rome*) and was reprehended for it by the Grave *Roman Hiſtorians*; what a Figure then will your Majeſty make in Hiſtory, if inſtead of *Monſieur Boileau* (now in Penſion for that purpoſe) a *Polybius*, a *Livy*, a *Tacitus*, or a *Plutarch* ſhould write your Life; what would they ſay of your Burnings and Devaſtations, how would they reconcile them to the Character that wiſe *Seneca* gives of a Great Man: *Conſulere Patriæ, parcere afflictis, ferâ cæde abſtinere, tempus iræ dare, orbi quietem, ſæculo pacem ſuo, petitur hâc Cœlum Viâ.* In *Octav. Act.* 2.

Truth deſires you, Great Sir, to reflect a little upon the deſperate Condition in which your Armies have left many Millions of Souls, now ready to ſtarve and languiſh for want of common Suſtenance, all the Wines, Corn, Grains, Cattel, Forrage, *&c.* being order'd to be brought into your Majeſty's Fortreſſes of *Mount-Royal*, *Luxemburgh*, *Sar Louis*, *Philipsburgh*, *Strasburgh*, *Briſac*, *Hunningen*, and *Fort Louis*, under pain of Death, and afterwards all the Houſes and Places of ſhelter, tho' Churches, Chappels, Hoſpitals, to be burnt, and all laid waſte, as the Deſerts of *Arabia*; neither the Tears of Infants, of Widows, of Nuns, Old Men, laid proſtrate at the Feet of your unmerciful Soldiers, can ſoften their obdurate Hearts, *le Roy le veut*, is the word of them all.

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The miſerable inhabitants of the *Palatinat*, when they opened their Gates to your Son the *Dauphin*, had his honour and ſolemn word pawn'd for their ſafety and protection; his Capitulations with *Worms*, *Spire*, *Frankendale*, *Heydelberg*, *Manheim*, *&c.* are upon Record, and will one day be witneſs againſt you.

Now that the *Duke de Feuillade* hath erected to your Majeſty a magnificent *Statue*, in imitation of the *Romans*, who dedicated the like to their *Hero's* and Great Men, he ought alſo to appoint a ſolemn *Triumph* for your Majeſty, if he intends to copy the whole *Ceremony* and pomp of the *Ancients*; but *Truth* will not ſuffer your Majeſty to be drawn in a pure white Ivory *Triumphal Chair*, ſuch as thoſe of the *Roman Conſuls* and *Emperours* wont to be; the Wheels of your Chariot will be red with the Blood of *Chriſtians*, or black with the ſmoak of your burnings; the Horſes ſhall not be of the *Ermine* colour, but rather like thoſe in the *Revelations*, *chap.* 6. the firſt whereof was white, the ſecond red, the third black, and the fourth palê, which are applicable to the four parts of your Majeſties Life: *He that ſate upon the firſt had a Bow in his hand, and a Crown was given unto him*, the white colour may ſignify the Innocence of your Majeſties Infancy and Minority, in which after the Death of *Lewis* the XIII. you was miraculouſly preſerv'd againſt many powerful *Factions* under the Miniſtries of *Richelieu* and *Mazarine*; the Crown given was yours; the ſecond Horſe *was red, and power was given to him that ſate thereon, to take Peace from the Earth, and that they ſhould kill one another, and there was given unto him a great Sword*, proper to baniſh Peace out of the World, to kill and ſlay; the red colour repreſents the Blood ſpilt in whole ſtreams by your Majeſty, and the man with the Sword in his hand, is he that cuts all bonds of Humane Society. The colour of the black Horſe blazens it ſelf, and repreſents

repreſents the blackneſs of your *Boutefeus* and *Incendiaries*. The fourth Horſe was *pale, and the name of him that ſate on him was Death, and Hell followed him, and power was given unto them to kill with Sword, Hunger*, &c. Theſe, Sir, are to draw your *Triumphal Chariot* thro the Streets of *Paris*, after which the *Fourth Horſe* is to devour you; neither the *Louvre* nor *Verſailles* can ſhelter you; your Fleets and Armies, your Bombs, your Carcaſſes, and Stinkpots cannot hinder this *Sceleton* from drawing you under ground; Read, Sir, the whole *Revelation*, and you will ſee St. *John* pointing at you in every *Chapter*.

Your Majeſty never yet was in any War (and you have been in many) whereof you was not the Spring and Author; did ever any Prince or State attack you firſt, have not you always been the firſt Aggreſſor, and the Violator of the Peace; your Majeſty has ſtole away above a ſixth part of the *Empire*, and above half of the *Netherlands* by piece-meals, when all your *Neighbours* were ſleeping under their own Figg-Trees and Vines, reſting as they dream't ſecure under your Majeſties Treaties and Compacts, then which nothing ought to be more Sacred.

What will your Majeſty ſay, if the *Diet* and the *Confederate Princes* and *States* will no longer Treat with you upon your Royal Word and Honour, which are ſo proſtituted and blown upon, that they will paſs no more currant, then King *Jame*'s *Coyn* in *Ireland*; all your Seals and Stamps are Braſs and Counterfeit. The *Confederates* know not what Oaths, what new God, or Religion to invent, for the binding and obliging your Majeſty to keep the common Faith of Nations; what if they inſiſt upon a *General Aſſembly of the Eſtates of France*, ſeeing they cannot enter into any Treaty with the Court of *France*, without the joint reputation of the whole body of the Kingdom; this was practiced upon your Majeſties account at the Treaties of *Weſt-*

Weſtphalia, where there was a Convention of all the *Eſtates* of the *Empire* to ſatisfy your Miniſters.

The *Empire* is reſolv'd and fixt upon the point and principle of having all the *Eſtates* of *France* call'd together; Reaſon will direct your Subjects to inſiſt upon it at this juncture, ſeeing all their Trade and ways of ſubſiſting (unleſs by burning) are ſtopt, the Finances multiplied and encreaſt in every branch. This, Sir, will raiſe and kindle ſome ſparks and rays of former *Liberty* and *Property* in your Subjects breaſts; your Majeſty will be the looſer, your People gainers; the Sun of your Glory ſhining with a falſe light, will ſuffer a total Eclipſe, which muſt have a fatal influence upon your Glory and pretended Grandure. One little ſpark of Fire from abroad, may kindle ſuch a Fire in *France*, that all your Engines will never be able to quench; the Neceſſities of your People hath rendred them extreamly ſenſible and ſuſceptible of any impreſſions; the *Commons* are oppreſt in the higheſt degrees, the *Merchants* have no commerce, the *Nobility* is debaſed, the *Clergy* diſ-reſpected, all in confuſion; the greateſt part of *Europe* is prepar'd to aſſiſt them, the reſt are providing for the general Invaſion of *France* on all ſides, from all parts, both by Sea and Land, from *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, the *South* and the *North*; not to force your Majeſties Subjects to Rebel, but only to throw off their intolerable Yoke of Slavery, their Fetters and their Chains; and to free themſelves as well as their Poſterity from all the Miſeries of *Bondage*, under which they groan, and pine away. Your Majeſties *Edicts* muſt be recall'd, the old ones reſetled upon a ſure bottom; your Finances regulated, your heavy Taxes and Impoſitions moderated. Theſe things, Sir, will be done, and remember that *Truth* told you ſo; the late eaſy *Revolution* in *England* is ſo freſh and deep in your Memory, that I need not repreſent the Hiſtory to your Majeſty, leaſt

it

it ſhould make you Abdicate before your time, whereby your Throne will become vacant, till *Truth* is ſet upon it. The Late King *James* of *England* had neither burnt Cities, Towns, or Villages, he had not laid whole Countries in aſhes, yet how ſudden and quick was his overthrow, and ruine; not ſo much as one Battel, his Fleet and Army were cold in his defence, his ſtrong holds yeilded themſelves, his Subjects tho' train'd up in a courſe of *Paſſive Obedience*, did generally revolt and riſe up againſt him, yet they had not felt half the Smart and Oppreſſions that the Subjects of *France* bear at preſent: The Late King *James* was but juſt entred into the Schools of the *Jeſuits*, he was many *Claſſes* below Your Majeſty, being only in the bud, whereas your Vices are come now to full Maturity, and muſt rot in few Months.

Repent, *Great Sir*, before it is too late; the *Confederacy* grows every day, and you conſume apace; they are all animated with the higheſt reſentments imaginable, and invincibly united; you have no *Allies* in *England*, in *Munſter*, *Denmark*, or *Sweden*, as you had in the Years 1672, and 1678. You have no *Proteſtant Subjects* to fight for you, which in thoſe years made up a great and beſt part of your Armies; your Kingdom is exhauſted of all its Riches, all your Ports are forſaken, and your Revenue ſinks to nothing; What, *Sir*, can you propound to your ſelf by forcing all *Chriſtendom* to devour you; The *Aſtrologers* foretel that your Majeſty is preparing your own Funeral Fire, and that you intend to leap alive into the Flames which your own hands have kindled, *Dum cupit Empedocles Deus immortalis haberi, Inſilit in flammas*; *Horace de Arte poet*. *Ætna*, *Veſuvius*, the *Vulcano's*, and *Hecla* refuſe to burn at preſent, now that your *Majeſty* has ſet up a burning Mountain every Mile, the great ones diſdain to follow your *French* Faſhion.

Remember,

Remember, *Sir*, how the *Juſt God* chaſtis'd and extinguiſhed the numerous Line of the *Valois* (your Predeceſſors) ſince *Francis* the I. was the Founder of the Alliance with the *Turks*, which your *Majeſty* cultivates ſo carefully, that it is become your Darling and your Miſtriſs. The longer Heaven delays her Vengeance, the more rigorous proves her Execution, which ſhe often entails upon many Generations. *Delicta majorum immeritus lues, Romane, donec Templa refeceris, Ædeſq; labentes Deorum, & fœda nigro ſimulacra fumo. Horat.* lib. 3. od. 6.

Read, *Sir*, the Chronicles of your own Kingdom, and you will find up and down the Curſes and Maledictions of your dying *Predeceſſors*, and of many other great Men, thrown out and fulminated againſt thoſe that ſhould dare to deſtroy Cities, Churches, and Countries. The *Archbiſhop*, St. *Reny*, who Baptized *Clovis* the *Founder* of your Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, ſends you the following Curſe in his laſt Will and Teſtament. *Statuo, inquit, ut ſi aliquando genus Regium per benedictionem meam toties Domino conſecratum, mala pro bonis reddens, Eccleſiarum dei pervaſor, depopulator gravis, aut contrarius extiterit, convocatis Remorum Diœceſis Epiſcopis, primum moneatur, & deinde, &c. Ita ut uſq; ad ſeptimam monitionem. ſi prius ſatis facere noluerit, paternæ pietatis longanimitate differatur, tandemq; ſi poſpoſitis omnibus præfatis benedictionibus, incorrigibilis contumaciæ ſpiritum non depoſuerit, &c. Elogium ſegregationis a corpore ab ab omnibus ei porrigatur. Teſtamentum S.* Remigii *ap.* Brit. *de formul.* lib. 7. & Flodoard. *Hiſtor. Rem.* lib. 1. c. 18.

Your Majeſty cannot but have read, or at leaſt heard, how *Lewis* the XI. tho he had govern'd very well, enjoy'd great and real Proſperities, united ſo many Provinces to the Crown, which conſtitute and form the beautiful body of *France*; yet after all this ſo many Jealouſies, Fears, troubles

of Mind, and remorſes of Conſcience ſeiz'd upon him, that he confin'd himſelf in his Caſtle of *Pleſſis la Tour* as in a Priſon, apprehending all the World to be his Enemy; no body was admitted to ſee him, but his Domeſtick Servants, and them he chang'd every Week; 400 Archers kept conſtant guard at the Gate, whilſt others walked continually the rounds to prevent any ſurprize; he order'd Iron Gates, Spikes, and Crows feet, to be placed every where about the Caſtle; beſides four great Iron Watch-houſes full of holes, out of which his Guards might ſhoot at pleaſure; he left no Man of whom he had the leaſt ſuſpition either in Town or Country, but he ſent his Guards not only to bid them depart, but to conduct them away; during this confinement of himſelf he was always diſplacing the great Officers of his Kingdom, Civil and Military, which made ſome believe that he was impaired in his Senſes and Intellectuals, but they were miſtaken and knew not his humours, ſays that wiſe Man, and great Hiſtorian, *Philip de Comines*'s Book VI. As to his jealouſie, all Princes (if they are wiſe) are prone to it, eſpecially if they have made many Enemies, and injur'd many People; *Lewis* the XI. had ſome thoughts of eaſing his Country, but he ſhould have begun ſooner, ſaith the *Hiſtorian*; for he had given his Kingdom many Wounds, which bled fiercely, and requir'd a long time for their conſolidation and cure. The laſt Years of his life, which he might have deſired to paſs in tranquillity and repoſe, ſerv'd only to perplex and torment him; Heaven refus'd to ſweeten the ſharpneſs of his troubles, and inquietude of mind, notwithſtanding he had beg'd the benediction of the *Hermit* of *Calabria*, and the Prayers of the Church.

The Life of this great King, one of the moſt Glorious of your Predeceſſors, whoſe *Exit* I have related, did not afford any of thoſe Tragical and Barbarous *Scenes*, which appear thro

thro the whole Stage of your Majesties *Reign* He had no Amity or Correspondence with the sworn Enemies of *Christendom* (with whom you are in a stronger Alliance, than ever you were with any Christian Prince) but refus'd all Intelligence and Friendship with them, even to refuse Audience to the *Turkish Ambassador*, who brought along with him a great *Roll* of *Relicks*, (which had remain'd at *Constantinople*) together with a vast Sum of Money.

'Tis now high time, that *Truth* should turn her head, and speak to the *People* of *France*; what will become of you, if things come to extremity; or if you do not take timely measures for the preservation of your selfs and Country, by a generous, tho' necessary *Declaration*: If the *Spaniards* (who grow more and more powerful upon your Frontiers) break through the *Pyrenean Barriers*, you will soon see all *Languedoc*, and *Gascony* in flames. If the *Vaudois* and *Milanois* pass into *Dauphine* (as there is nothing to hinder them) then all *Provence*, *Lionnois*, &c. will be laid in Ashes. If the *Swisses* break into *Franche Comte*, then all *Burgundy* must be set on Fire. If the *Germans*, and *Confederates* get into *Lorrain*, or *Luxemburg*, then *Champagn* grows hot. If the *Dutch* and *Spaniards* into *Picardy*, then *Normandy*, the *Isle* of *France* and *Brie* must burn for it. If the *Dutch* and *English* Fleets disembark several Armies upon the Coasts, then *Bretagne*, *Poictou*, and *Guienne* must be destroy'd; so that there is a terrible Prospect before your eyes. Your own Armies paid with the sweat of your brows, must be the *Firebrands* of your Country, under pretence to save the Carcass of a *Tyrant*, an *Enemy* to *God* and *Man*. Reflect a little upon the lamentable State of *France*, and if you can bear it any longer, the World must think you Asses, Bousalo's, Camels, Beasts of Burthen, rather then Men endow'd with any Spirit or Reason, or Sense of the least Liberty. You have had your *Conde's*, your *Coligni's*,

and your *Guiſe's*, Men of Great Souls, and vaſt Enterprife *Truth* ſpeaks, and offers here to head and conduct you; *Nil deſperandum me Duce, & Auſpice Chriſto.*

Laſtly, *Great Sir*, I do apply my ſelf to your *Throne* once more; take from the Infallible mouth of *Truth* her laſt Prayer and Requeſt, which ever ſhe intends to make to you; *viz.* Remember that which your Pious Mother *Ann* of *Auſtria* hath often told you, when ſhe us'd to ſhew your *Majeſty* her Breaſt eaten to the very Ribs with a furious greedy *Cancer*, upon which ſhe us'd to conjure your *Majeſty* to be contented with what *God* Almighty had liberally beſtow'd upon you, fearing (by ſomething ſhe had early diſcover'd in your Complexion) leaſt you ſhould loſe your own, in endeavouring to force away that of another.

A Man unſtain'd and pure from Sin,
No Quiver fraught with Poyſon'd heads,
No Africk *Javelin needs,*
He has a Guard and Arms within.

FINIS.

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ſhews.

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